

Australia's Most Credible UFO Abduction Case

*In the early hours
of 8th August
1993, an
extraordinary
event occurred in
the foothills of
Victoria's
Dandenong
mountains that
would forever
change the lives
of five ordinary
people.*

by Kelly Cahill

Extracted from her unpublished
manuscript

*Willing or Unwilling: An
Australian UFO Enigma*

"KELLY"

My name is Kelly Cahill and, like many others in my situation, I, too, fear ridicule due to the strangeness surrounding my case. I would have preferred to remain anonymous, but due to the prompting of certain Australian researchers who continuously stressed how necessary it was that the reality of this event was revealed to the public, I eventually came to realise the importance of increasing public awareness.

I have been involved in what is considered to be one of the world's and definitely Australia's first known UFO encounter involving non-human entities, wherein two separate parties unknown to each other have actively participated, enabling researchers to finally cross-reference an encounter case.

This is not to say that it has not occurred anywhere in the world before; only that it is quite possibly the first recorded instance and is an extremely well-documented case. It therefore becomes a powerful tool in providing evidence that unknown lifeforms do indeed exist within our normal realms of existence.

My story is a very personal one and is written as such. I want you to know the way I perceived things to occur, from a human rather than academic viewpoint. Scientific data and official reports are partially expounded in my book.

As it is just you and I for now, I will begin by telling you a little about myself. I am twenty-seven years of age, married with three children, and was living what most people would consider to be an uneventful existence. Uneventful, that is, until the night of 7th/8th August 1993. On that day, the cosy little world of logic I had grown so accustomed to was turned inside out.

Prior to the life-changing experience which took place, the subject of UFOs had never been of any particular interest to me. If they did indeed exist then I was bound to be the last person on the face of the Earth to actually see one. I tended to maintain a very sceptical view on all matters pertaining to physical phenomena, which was back then a perfectly natural attitude, not only held by myself but, as I have increasingly noticed, by most other people.

What I did possess, however, was a keen belief in psychic awareness, but even this belief was not unduly founded. I have always thought the human mind a most fascinating area of study, being one of the few true mysteries as yet unravelled by our advanced scientific community. It provides an outlet to philosophical thinking which is not available elsewhere. As a housewife and mother I am usually too busy to devote a great deal of time to outside activities, but the one thing that even a housewife can do is think.

RECALL

On the early evening of 1st October, we again drove up to Eva's house in the mountains where I intended to spend the weekend. We took the usual route through the outer Melbourne suburb of Fountain Gate, on to Belgrave then up to Monbulk. It was a familiar course to us. Since moving to the country almost a year before, distance had become of little object where friendship was concerned.

A few kilometres after the Fountain Gate shopping centre, we passed an open area where (although logic defies me an explanation as to why the thought would even enter my mind) I made a wisecrack to myself that this would be a great place for a UFO to land. All that silly business with Andrew must have struck a funny-bone somewhere. What happened next was not so amusing.

With no warning, a strong sensation of what I can only call 'gut-wrenching dread' swept through my entire being. It was the most horrible feeling a person could know. My stomach literally sank. I consider myself to be in relative control of my emotions, yet this was something I had never known before. This was a raw and very real fear which appeared to arise from nowhere.

From that moment on, the memories of 7th August came flooding back to my mind in an unstoppable torrent. Clear as daylight, it was as if a secret door had been unlocked. I want to share the release of these memories with you as accurately as I can, so I have drawn a parallel as close as possible to the true nature of its passing.

7TH AUGUST 1993

On Saturday afternoon, 7th August 1993, we were making our way to Eva's in order to celebrate her daughter's eighteenth birthday.

Though we departed when it was still daylight, in the hour we were travelling it began to grow dark. I gazed out of the passenger window engrossed in thought. At dusk there was not a great deal to see, the surrounding landscape melting into a mass of silhouetted shadow.

Then, quite unexpectedly, on the outskirts of Belgrave South we passed an unlikely object resting in a field, the sight of which tore me away from my daydream. Even though we were travelling at considerable speed, I was still able to catch a glimpse for a period of two to three seconds of something that presented itself as a circle of round orange lights with a slightly fluorescent haze about it.

I was almost certain that I had just seen something of an extremely unorthodox nature. Unfortunately, Andrew did not notice as he was concentrating on the road ahead. Should I risk making a fool of myself by telling him what I thought I saw?

For a few moments my mind swirled with disbelief. "Could I have actually seen a UFO? No! Impossible! They didn't exist—they couldn't exist—and yet...?"

It was too much to contemplate. I must have been mistaken. My logic did not want to accept the alternative possibility. It was impossible. There had to be an explanation. Yet my eyes were also aware of what they had seen. There was total confusion of my mind at being presented with something it had previously programmed itself not to accept as a part of reality.

Amazement and logic began to play a vigorous game of tug-of-war with my reasoning. "Was!..." "Was not!..." "I saw it!..." "You're mistaken!..." "It was there!..." "That's impossible!..."

I began to pray. Faith in God plays quite a significant role in my life, and although the thought of asking God questions on UFOs may raise a few eyebrows, it seemed quite a natural thing to do at the time. I always turned to God in times of indecision. It may not tie in with convention, but neither did my habit of constantly questioning the profound issues of life.

The strange thing is that I truly do believe answers are provided. Not straight away of course, but many times I have looked back to the past concerning my pleas to God only to discover that somehow the answers have been subtly incorporated into my life without even the slightest recognition on my behalf.

Many followers of religion profess belief in an invisible spiritual world. Could UFOs be a part of this? For one short moment had I been allowed a glimpse into another reality? Or were there really other civilisations somewhere out there in the universe? What if there was? Was God trying to show me something?

"Wait for me—I'll be back down this way in a few hours." My mind was desperately screaming out the thought. If what I had seen was something of a spiritual nature, then maybe I would be

heard. There was so much I wanted to know, so many questions I needed answers for.

Within a few minutes, after the initial amazement had subsided, I predictably reverted to my usual analytical self.

Did I honestly believe I had seen a genuine UFO? Undoubtedly my eyes believed that they had seen something, but my logical sense was just not ready to accept an explanation so outlandish. Brain function was gearing to override all data accumulated by the physical senses.

"It must have been something else. It had to be." There was no room in my mind for fairy tales, only fact.

But even logic could not debunk the very slim possibility that what I had seen was actual. After all, if I did not possess an open mind on spiritual matters, I would never have come to believe in God. Now God was an accepted part of my logical makeup, but it had not always been that way.

Maybe logic itself was the very reason why our senses had become so limited. Since the day we were born we have been programmed as to what exists and what does not. Maybe true knowledge lies in seeking beyond the boundaries of traditional programming.

Yet even if I had completely believed what I had seen a few moments before, never in my wildest dreams could I have anticipated the course of events which were to ensue later that evening.

Not wanting to appear foolish, I attempted to hold my tongue. Five minutes later I was at bursting point; I just couldn't help myself.

"Andrew, I saw some really strange lights in a field back there."

"It was probably just a plane, Kelly."

"No, it wasn't. Planes just don't land in the middle of nowhere. It was a circle of orange lights."

"Then it was probably a helicopter."

"Since when have you ever seen a round helicopter? And anyway, it was three times the size of a helicopter and it wasn't making any noise."

I could almost feel myself pouting. He was not the slightest bit interested. It was one of the few times in my life I actually regretted never learning to drive. If I had been driving, we would have definitely gone back for a second look.

"So what are you saying, Kelly? That you saw a UFO? Okay, then, you saw a UFO, whatever you say."

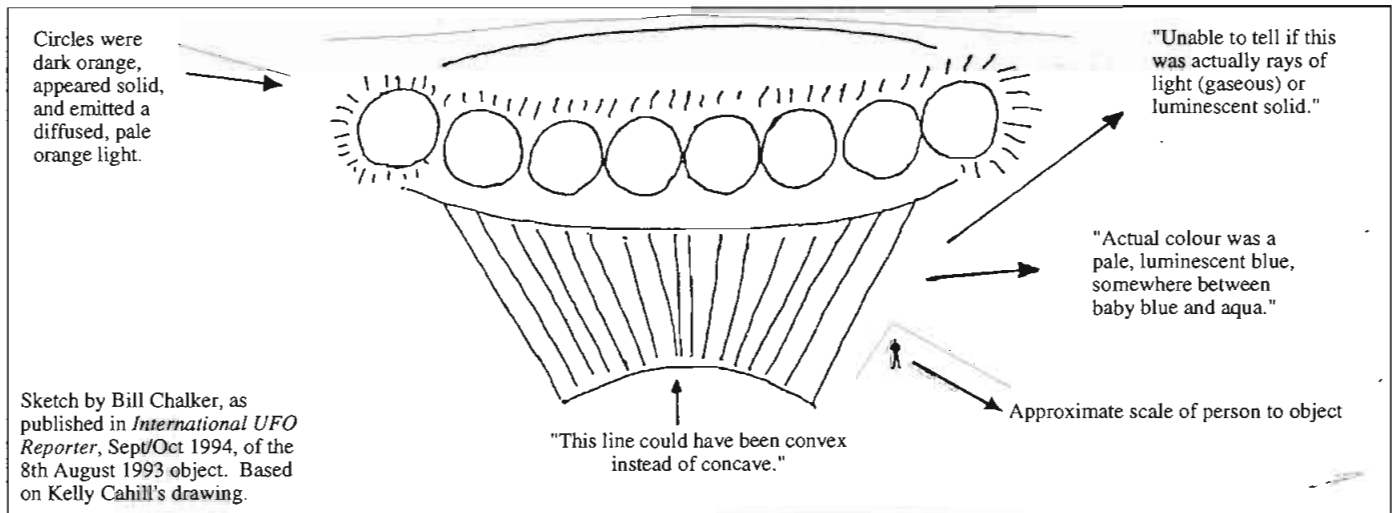
His tone was obviously patronising, and the conversation terminated there.

Arriving at Eva's, Andrew decided to permit everyone a little laugh at my expense, relating to them what I thought I had seen. The joke was on me and I received a good serving of what I was to later learn were the typical flying saucer and little green men jibes that so many people in my situation have to learn to live with. I took it with a pinch of salt. They were probably right and I certainly didn't want to appear the idiot. I found myself laughing at my own stupidity—after all, it was rather ridiculous.

Following the usual birthday salutations, which did not include drinking (I did not touch a drop of alcohol all evening), Eva and I set off for the bingo hall, one of her favourite haunts. I only mention this as it later becomes a crucial factor in the timing of events. We arrived back at her house around 11 pm.

After a coffee and a chat, Andrew decided it was time to get a move on. Neither of us bothered to look at the clock before we departed, but I can safely assume that it would have been no later than 11.45 pm. Although Eva is herself unsure of the actual time we left, she too tends to agree with my assumption.

We arrived home at 2.30 am. This I am definite about because I had spent the latter half of our trip arguing that I had suffered a blackout or lost some time somewhere. (The reason for this will



be explained in the following pages.)

The journey from the mountains to our house in Gippsland takes approximately one and a half hours. To my way of reasoning, that still leaves over an hour that cannot be accounted for.

Of this missing time I have a total conscious recollection of an estimated ten minutes, which I will relate to you in Chapter 5. For now, to avoid confusing the issue, I will only give you an account of what we both consciously perceived to occur that night.

8TH AUGUST 1993

The evening traffic had all but come to a standstill. Not many people traversed the mountains late at night and we were potentially the only car on the road.

Heading down the hills between Belgrave and Fountain Gate, we were surprised to spot an unusual object hovering above the road at approximately twice the treetop height. It was an estimated four to five hundred metres in front of us, a spectacle of orange lights on the bottom half with a glassy appearance reminiscent of windows, while the top half seemed to be solid.

When we drew closer I got the distinct impression that there were figures visible in the lights as if we were being observed or were part of the itinerary on a sightseeing tour.

My heart began to thump wildly. Although it looked a little different in the air than on the ground, it just had to be the same object I had seen earlier.

"Do you see that? See, see I told you so. Does that look like a helicopter?"

Even Andrew could not deny what he saw with his own eyes.

"I see it, Kelly. You're right. It's definitely not a helicopter—it's very, very strange."

"Look, Andrew, it looks like there's people in there."

No sooner had the words left my mouth, it shot off to the left at a terrific speed. One second it was there—the next second it was gone. There are hardly words to portray the wonder we felt at seeing science fiction come to life. "Was our own government more technologically advanced than we had ever thought possible?... Nah! If it had anything to do with governments then it was more than likely the American military, not our own. Could there actually be others out there in space?" The questions and discussion continued to flow in an atmosphere of excited chatter.

When we had driven no further than a few kilometres, our eyes were greeted by a brilliant light, like a shining sun, directly in front of us. It seemed to block off the entire road, and its brightness was so intense that I found it necessary to use my hand as a shade in order to peer through the windscreen.

"Look at it, Andrew."

"I can see it, Kelly. I can see it."

"Oh my God, I don't believe it. What are you going to do?"

"What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going to keep on driving."

"I don't believe it, Andrew, we're really going to see a UFO."

By all logical reasoning it was not supposed to be happening, yet it was—it really was! My heart was pounding; the excitement was like a surge of electricity pulsating through me. There was a heightened sense of sharpness to my perceptive awareness, and the awe I was feeling left me speechless.

The next thing I remember was, although still sitting in the car, my heartbeat was relaxed and the flow of adrenalin which had been coursing through my veins was non-existent. It was not humanly possible for the body's chemical reaction to just disappear within a split second. One minute I had been awestruck, then within the blink of an eye—nothing. It was this lack of hormonal activity that made everything seem so uncanny.

"What happened, Andrew? We were driving straight into that light. Weren't we going to see a UFO?"

"I think so."

"Then what happened? Where is it? What happened to the light?"

"I don't know. We must have turned a corner or something."

"How come I didn't see the corner, then? Andrew, this is really weird. I feel like I've had a blackout."

The feeling was very similar to coming out of an anaesthetic; not remembering the events but aware that something had occurred and I had missed it.

"Don't be stupid, Kelly. We turned a few corners, that's all."

The change in his attitude from a few moments before was markedly obvious. From being a little disoriented himself, he then began to act as if he had been aware and in total control of his surroundings. What could I say? Could I have been epileptic and unaware of it? Could I have had some type of fit?

"Andrew, I'm not kidding! I've lost some time somewhere. I can feel it."

"Just forget about it, Kelly. You probably went off into a day-dream. Don't make a big deal out of it."

We debated about time-loss for at least the next half an hour until I finally realised the futility of carrying it any further. I've known for many years and been told often enough by others that I had married an extremely stubborn man. This selfsame stubbornness was doomed to arise continuously over the next few months, even after the other party had come forward and evidence of physical anomalies had been discovered at the location.

During the trip home, the two things we both managed to agree on were:

(1) We could distinctly smell vomit;

(2) We were both suffering unexplained stomach pain. The pain I felt radiated from my lower abdomen through to my upper shoulders, not unlike severe muscle fatigue after a day of strenuous weightlifting.

When we arrived home, the first thing we did was consult the kitchen clock, as neither Andrew nor myself was accustomed to wearing a watch. It was 2.30 am.

"See, Kelly, I told you we didn't lose any time. It only took us an hour and a half."

"What do you mean it only took us an hour and a half? Did you check the time before we left?"

"No, but I know we didn't take any longer than an hour and a half so we must have left at one."

"You are so pig-headed sometimes! How do you know that when you didn't even look at the clock? I'm absolutely sure we left a lot earlier than one."

"Look, Kelly, I was driving, and I know I wasn't driving for any longer than an hour and a half. If we got home at five-thirty I would still say we left at four because I was the one driving."

To continue this debate was senseless. I could never win. The idea that there could have been more to our journey than just driving was an absurdity that he had no intention of contemplating. In any case, I had no proof either, except an instantaneous change in metabolism I could not explain.

But proof wasn't long in coming.

Before retiring for the night I went to the bathroom where I was concerned to discover a red triangular mark beneath

my navel, with the appearance of an even burn or as if the first few layers of skin had been removed. This was to become of some importance to me later, but as it held no significance at the time I did not dwell upon it excessively.

What I did find that was more recognisable to me, therefore of far greater importance, was a small cut on my bikini-line similar to a laparoscopy mark but finer, and with the appearance of being a few days old or partially healed. I knew what it was, as I had been beset with gynaecological problems since the age of sixteen and was more than familiar with the incision mark left after exploratory surgery.

Although not due for my menstruation, I was bleeding. This unexplained issue of blood continued for three and a half weeks until I became extremely ill and was hospitalised with an infection in the womb.

An infection in the womb is not an everyday female disorder. The usual case is a pregnancy which has self-terminated and then festered in the womb, or an infection caused by non-sterile surgical procedure. The pregnancy test taken proved to be negative, as I knew it would. And as I had not had any recent surgery, the medical practitioner assigned to me gave assurance that I must have been pregnant despite the results of the blood samples and despite my constant protestations that this was not the case.

These are the entire events of 8th August as both my husband and I perceived them to be. The ten minutes of missing time that I also recalled (without the aid of hypnotherapy) are told in the ensuing pages.

THE MISSING LINKS

Beginning on 1st October 1993, the day I initially recalled the encounter, I also began to recall a series of events which had a profound effect on the way I was to view thereafter the unknown aspects of the world around me. What I was to remember would defy all rational explanation, effecting the onset of a new era in my overall perception of life.

The first memories of that night were only as I described in the previous chapter. I just could not seem to remember beyond the light. Then, over the period of the next few hours, I began to get flashbacks of definite conscious acts.

The retrieval of these memories came in short spurts, each one succeeded by a complete blank. It was not unlike walking through a door only to find another one on the other side, then walking through the second door only to find a third, and so on... Even after reaching a point where nothing more was forthcoming, I am still faced with the dilemma of an extensive amount of missing time.

Some of the recovered material may seem more than a little bizarre, and most of it is of a highly sensitive nature. There are certain incidents I shall relate to you which are personally humiliating, and if there were any way I could find an excuse not to write them I would do so. But the whole purpose of this book is to make people aware that something is really going on and to hopefully inspire further research. A half truth is about as much use as a direct lie. It is only through wholehearted truth that ongoing research into this very real phenomenon is going to be able to

We had a clear, uninterrupted view of a craft of enormous proportions... It was situated at ground level in the field at the bottom of a low-level gully. The road ran in a semi-circular fashion around the area... "Stop the car, Andrew. Quick, pull over."

produce any significant answers.

With the renewal of my memory, I began to suffer a form of severe trauma, convinced I was going insane. It was not until after I received news of other witnesses who had been able to collaborate events, that I was finally able to relieve myself of this fear. I was not going crazy after all—that is, not unless three other people whom I had never met were going crazy along with me.

I am probably the luckiest person alive in this respect. Most people in my situation are forced to face their experience alone, forever suffering in silence.

Because I am not in this alone, I have found the courage to write about it. There will always be an undeniable body of verbal and physical evidence to support its actual occurrence.

BEYOND THE LIGHT

We continued driving toward the light, only to realise as we turned a bend in the road that the object was actually to the right of us. We had a clear, uninterrupted view of a craft of enormous proportions. It was far larger than the craft we had seen only minutes before, almost as if the first had been merely a scout. It was situated at ground level in the field at the bottom of a low-level gully. The road ran in a semi-circular fashion around the area, making it possible to observe the craft at close range for an estimated one kilometre stretch.

"Stop the car, Andrew. Quick, pull over."

"Do you think so?"

Now that had to be the most illogical question I had ever heard. There we were, looking at something most other people wouldn't get a chance to see in a dozen lifetimes, and there he was asking whether we should stop or not.

"Of course I think so. Hurry up, pull over. I can't believe it's a real UFO. My God, Andrew, they're actually real."

The most suitable word I can use to describe the feeling that came over me at that particular moment was awe—total awe. I could not have wiped the smile off my face if I had tried. Brotherly benevolence was the only expectation I entertained at all. Yes, I was indeed blessed—that's all there was to it.

Andrew pulled the station wagon over and as we got out I leant back into the car to pick up my handbag from the floor. I never go anywhere without my handbag, and this was one of the very conscious acts which enabled me to retrieve the suppressed information. As I picked it up I realised that another car had pulled up behind us, about a hundred metres further down the road. This made everything seem even more incredible. We weren't going to be the only witnesses; someone else would see this too.

The other car was either light blue or white in colour but because it was an unusually dark night and the road was unlit, it was a little difficult to distinguish.

I moved around the front end of our car and met my husband on the other side. As we walked across the road I glanced sideways and noted the occupants of the other car doing likewise. To my eyes they appeared to be a man and a woman but because of the incredibility of the object in front of us I did not spend a great deal of time observing the others. Just knowing that we were not alone was comfort enough. I was more concerned with finding a landmark that I could identify with.

The blackness of the night made it almost impossible to see anything yet I did note that on the left-hand side of the road where we pulled over there was a slight embankment, and because of the light emanating from the craft I was able to identify a windbreak of small trees around a metre in height. This later helped in locating the exact spot where the incident occurred.

I continued to remind myself, "You are conscious, Kelly; this is real." The whole episode was so unlikely I found it necessary to keep assuring myself of its authenticity.

Andrew and I stood staring down into the gully. We were approximately five metres from the roadside at a point where we could go no further because of a fence line.

The craft was larger than life and seemed to take in our entire view. There was a row of orange lights with what seemed to be solid rays of concentrated blue light beneath, arranged in a half-moon shape. The entire craft shone with a soft fluorescent glow.

We observed this remarkable scene for about thirty seconds when, as if from nowhere, a figure began moving toward us. It had no distinguishable features except that it seemed overly tall and was black in colour. I was quite startled. For some reason I had expected to see a human being, but this was not human—its shape was all wrong.

"Andrew, look, there's someone coming."

The situation was bizarre enough to warrant an uncommon

approach, so I tried using thought as contact. **BIG MISTAKE!** I was instantly overwhelmed by the most horrifying fear I believe a human being is capable of knowing. The creature's eyes seemed to turn to a red fire and even at a distance of 100 to 150 metres shone with a striking luminescence. A first, through fright, I could barely whisper.

"They've got no souls, Andrew."

Then I began to scream, this time with great emphasis.

"They've got no souls, Andrew!"

Don't ask me why I said it—I have pondered about this very same thing time and time again. How could a mere mortal know if something had a soul or not? Not one of us has encountered (in the normal realms of existence) a living creature without a soul, yet it was as if I knew with my whole being that this was so.

Suddenly there was not only one entity on the field but many—a mass of glowing red eyes. One moment they were not there—the next moment they were. I can only assume that they emerged from the blue light beneath the craft.

They then appeared to glide across the field very rapidly, at a certain point splitting up, two or three going toward the other party, the rest heading toward us.

I was transfixed. I couldn't take my eyes off them. Their power or energy was unfathomable. My mind became a sea of intense confusion, a roaring wind inside my head, addling my thoughts. I just couldn't seem to focus my faculties. It was as if something was interfering with the very way my brain functioned. I had to fight it. I had an intense fear that I was going to die if I didn't.

Maybe it was because of the raw terror I was feeling or possibly an act of fear-induced heroism that I found myself screaming out to the people down the road, "They're evil. They're going to kill us."

Then I felt a 'whoomph' in my stomach that sent me reeling backward through the air. (Here I have to interrupt with some

interesting information that arose while I was being researched, as it could have a major impact on how this incident is to be interpreted. One evening, on the second return to the site with John Auchettl, the Melbourne-based researcher, I was standing in the exact same spot as the night in question. As I went to lean forward, John quickly took a hold of my arm and pulled me back.

"Watch out Kelly, that's an electric fence!"

Although the electrified wire actually ran along the inside of the fence, it still leaves open the possibility that on that night in August I may have somehow come in contact with it and received an electric shock rather than being the victim of an assault as I had originally supposed. This may also explain why I flew back through the air with such great force, although the official opinion is that the electrical current generated was not sufficient to cause this.)

Finding myself on my back upon the ground, I somehow managed to sit up. I was fighting consciousness, felt extremely nauseous and was struggling for breath, not unlike when a person has been severely winded. More terrifying than anything else was the fact that I could not see. A blackness was awash in front of my eyes.

With panic in my voice, I cried out for my husband.

...as if from nowhere, a figure began moving toward us. It had no distinguishable features except that it seemed overly tall and was black in colour. I was quite startled. For some reason I had expected to see a human being, but this was not human—its shape was all wrong.

Continued on page 83

Continued from page 63

"I can't see Andrew, I can't see anything. I'm blind."

He did not come to my rescue as I would have supposed; instead, I heard his voice some distance away from me and laced with fear. Never have I heard an utterance spoken with so much terror. His voice was croaking as if he had partly lost it through fright. It sent chills down my spine.

"Let go of me!"

Then I heard a clear, audible male voice respond.

"We mean you no harm." (Classical "Huh?")

Andrew responded, "Why did you hit Kelly then?"

The next piece of dialogue is one that makes me cringe every time I relate it. It is not something I enjoy speaking about as it is both humiliating and offensive to me.

"I wouldn't harm her; after all, I am her father."

This was followed by a slight chuckle which I clearly felt was of a sardonic nature.

I thought of my prayer earlier that evening when I had first seen the object. I

always begin my prayer with the word "Father". This 'thing' had to be making a mockery of me. Was it amused about my belief in God? The very thought of it sent me into a spate of hysteria.

"You're not my father. I'm not your daughter. You're evil. You're not my father. I hate you. You're evil, I hate you... Oh God, I'm going to be sick."

I put my head between my knees and passed out. I must have actually been sick because, as you may recall, we could distinctly smell vomit in the car on the way home.

When I came to, I was still unable to see yet was under the impression that a lot of people were milling around, including the other party, although I heard none of them talk to confirm this.

The male voice was once again speaking as if he were addressing a group.

"We are a peaceful people." (I know this sounds clichéd, but this is what he actually said.)

Hysteria unbounded, I began sobbing like a little girl. I was so utterly scared and there was no one to help me.

"If you're so peaceful, then why did you do this to me? Why are you doing this to

my mind? Liars! Liars!"

I then directed my sobbing toward the other party.

"Don't believe them. They're not really peaceful. They're trying to trick you. They want your souls. They're trying to steal your souls."

The calmness of the male voice seemed to pierce through my hysteria.

"Will someone do something about her?"

In the intervening silence I could feel a presence move toward me, a little like the way most people have a sixth sense when someone is approaching them from behind. A hand gently touched me on the shoulder, and although there appeared to be no malice intended, my reaction was more than irrational.

I almost feel a compulsion to apologise to the whole human race for my unethical behaviour, but you have to understand that I truly believed I had come up against the opposite force of the goodness which had always so inspired me. At that particular moment I believed I was facing the embodiment of all evil, in all its cunning guises. Feeling that touch brought out in me the

Continued on page 84

— Australia's Most Credible UFO Abduction Case —

Continued from page 83

uttermost feeling of disgust which, with the speed of lightning, turned to indignant fury.

Fear had completely evaporated and in its place stood an ire that I would never have believed I was capable of until this very moment. I could feel my own eyes burning with anger.

"How dare you put fear into the hearts of these innocent people. How dare you. Get out of here. Do you hear me? Leave! In the name of God, go back where you came from."

The next thing I knew we were back in the car, unable to remember anything before driving into the light.

I feel obligated to justify my behaviour that night but find I am unable to do so. I just don't know what came over me. It was as if all my worst nightmares had become reality. I had no control of my actions; indeed, the reverse seemed to apply: my actions were in control of me.

At the time I really believed that I was acting as a martyr for the whole human race, no matter how ridiculous that seems now. In fact, I was surprised at my own

courage. I had no idea that I could be so strong-willed.

I am still unsure of what I came up against, or of their intentions, and because of that I constantly find myself trying to justify them. If it was only through pure terror I reacted in this way, I could somehow learn to live with the humiliation. After all, they didn't seem to cause me an excessive amount of harm and spoke only of peace. Somehow this explanation seems more agreeable than the alternative.

This could in effect be the complete story if I had not arrived home with the curious marks on my body. How they came to be on my person, I do not know. How we came to be back in the car, I also have no explanation for.

If the matter had rested there, I could have accepted that I had merely been in the wrong place at the wrong time, but that was not to be so.

There were yet to be another four bedside manifestations by one of these creatures, the last occurring in January 1994. These experiences occurred just after waking from a dream, although on each occasion I was perfectly conscious. ∞

Editor's Note:

Kelly is currently looking for a publisher for the rest of this manuscript.

If you know of, or are, a publisher interested in this topic, you may contact Kelly via:

*PO Box 658
Moe, Victoria 3825
Australia*

On Friday 17th March, the UFO Experience Support Association Inc. will present an evening conference in Sydney comprising a panel of guest speakers including ufologist Bill Chalker, psychologist Beatrice Copello, hypnotherapist Leslie Bullock, UFO experiencer Denise B., as well as Kelly Cahill. The case described above is included on the itinerary and will be followed by an open question-and-answer session. For further information, please contact coordinators Peter Khoury or Jaimie Leonarder on 018 649 428.